THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

Vol. II.] *Philadelphia, Saturday, August* 23, 1806. [No. 33.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For the Port Folio.

THE DAY.

BY DAVID DIARY.

No. 17.

De respublicâ graviter querens.
CICERO.

ENTERED, as I am, into the questions at issue between the United States and Great-Britain, I shall devote the present paper to a final understanding, between my reader and myself.—I court this understanding; because I flatter myself, that, this sufficiently effected, no sound statesman, no true American patriot, will regard the principles I maintain as at variance with those which become this country, and which belong to the honour and the interests of an independent people. Fairly examined, they will be seen not to be of a nature to prostrate the rights of any one nation before those of another; and, consequently, not to prostrate the rights of America before those of Great-Britain.

With those who complain the loudest of British injuries, I am more expressly at variance as to principles than as to facts. It is the theory, not the practice of Great-Britain that I am prepared to defend; not indeed because I condemn her practice, but because I do not enter into the inquiry. My argument is simply this, that the theory of Great-Britain is right, and the theory of America wrong.

Again and again, I reserve, in this sentence, what relates to impressing. It is insufferable that one nation should violate the jurisdiction of another.

But, this consideration leads to another, in which I take a broader ground for the rights of the neutral than even those who may be most hostile to my claims for the belligerent. Amid all the resistance to the pretensions of the latter, I hear repeated acknowledgments of the *undoubted right of search*. I deny, upon the principle to which I adhere, the existence of this *undoubted right*. It is called *undoubted*, as I presume, because it is found in the books of the publicists; I refuse to admit it, because it has no foundation in nature. I admit it, only after it has been *created* by convention: then, and so long as the convention remains, it is an undoubted right, and no longer. It is a right which the neutral may give, but which has nothing to stand upon but his gift. The belligerent may search by force; and the neutral may submit, through favour or through prudence; this is all: morally speaking, the neutral has an *undoubted right* of resistance. There can no more be an undoubted right to search, than an undoubted right to impress within a foreign jurisdiction. Either act, unless consented to by the party against which it operates, is an outrage.

There are some who will accuse me of inconsistency; they will say, that I am devoted, now to the belligerent and now to the neutral, and that I adhere uniformly to neither: I shall never be ashamed of conviction of inconsisten-

cy so glorious as this. I adhere uniformly to principle; and therefore can seldom be long together the undeviating partizan of any thing that proceeds from man. I draw a right line, regardless what curves it may cut or expose. I have no disposition to indulge a preference, either to belligerents or to neutrals generally, or to any particular neutral or belligerent. I try all by one standard; I subject all to the dominion of one principle.

First and last, in whatever belongs to the law of nations, I protest against the universal authority of books. In our studies, the preliminary step is to distinguish between natural and positive law. For the positive part of the law of nations, that is for so much as is matter of convention, unquestionably we are to refer to the conventions themselves; but, let us be careful to distinguish between what is, and what is not, matter of convention.

It has been the sole design of my late papers, to induce an admission, that many of the rights asserted by Great-Britain, and assailed by America as contrary to convention and precedent, are natural rights, and therefore not to be judged of by convention and precedent, but solely by the dictates of reason. When I see American statesmen meet those of Great-Britain on this safe and unincumbered ground, I shall be entirely satisfied. Let them leave their books on their shelves, and trust to pure ratiocination.

The belligerent has the right to do whatever may annoy his enemy, even though to the injury of the neutral.

The neutral has the right to resist injury, even though to the injury of the belligerent.

These are natural rights; they have their basis, not in convention, but in reason: every nation may lawfully consult its own welfare; and no nation is bound to sacrifice its own welfare to that of another.

With these principles in their minds, American statesmen would go to their negotiation with Great-Britain with a happier temper than they display, and with a better prospect of success. They would go, not as now they do, upon the puerile errand to contest natural rights, but to object to particular acts, or to declare, in brief and decisive words, whether they consent, or do not consent, to the exercise of those rights, in so far as they are concerned. They would go, neither to whine over hardships, nor to complain of what, nevertheless, they are not determined to resist, nor to waste the time of foreign ministers in irrelevant discourse. That America has real wrongs of which to seek an end, or even redress, I am not unwilling to believe; and, as to the exercise of natural rights, as it respects herself, she is always competent to give or to withhold her consent. It is only when she contests the existence of those rights, that I blush for her folly. Let her tell Great-Britain, that to this she will, and to that she will not submit, and, whatever she may lead me to think of her justice or her policy, I shall not impeach the sanity of her ideas.

I say, her justice; for, as I have formerly remarked, a neutral may be as strongly tempted to treat with injustice a belligerent, as a belligerent, a neutral. She may be equally disposed to pursue her own benefit, without regard to the ruin of her neighbour.—America, with her neutral policy and her commercial interests, may be as unjustifiably impatient of the rights of Great-Britain, as it is also supposable that Great-Britain may be of those of America. If Great-Britain, as a commercial belligerent, blinded by her selfishness, may be disposed to infringe the rights of other nations, we are bound to admit, on the other side, the probability of a similar selfishness, and similar disposition to injustice, in America. These things, on either side, are to be determined by facts; but it is to principles that I confine myself. It is to be added, that America is always liable to be made, consciously or unconsciously, the instrument of the enemy of Great-Britain.

I say, her policy; for here a very important subject for reflection presents itself. We must regard as well the policy as the reason of the points to be conceded or refused by America

to Great-Britain. Nations, like individuals, are to be guided, not always by the sense of their absolute rights, but by a comprehensive view of the whole circle of their necessities; for rights are often to be exchanged for advantages. I insist first, on the right of the belligerent to do whatever may annoy his enemy; I admit next, the right of the neutral to limit or prohibit the exercise of this right; but subsequently come the questions on the justice and the policy of this limitation or prohibition. Thus, it is for America to consider, besides the justice, the policy of her resistance to the pretensions of Great-Britain

Here, I arrive at that point, in my political speculations, from which, as I have described, I was diverted by the Cursory Reviewer. It was the policy to be pursued by America, in her relations with Great-Britain, to which I proposed to direct my reader's attention. This policy must be determined by the several situations of the two countries; and those situations it was my design to consider. Without employing myself as the apologist of Great-Britain, without deciding on the spotlessness or impeccability of her conduct, without counselling America to surrender her interests or her honour, I designed to survey the necessities of the two countries, and thence deduce the foreign policy to be recommended to America. These objects, in my next paper, I shall pursue.

For the Port Folio.

POETICAL INQUIRIES.

No. 5.

ON THE MOALLAKAT.

VII. We may add a few words, on that peculiar arrangement, or rather non-arrangement, which is found in ancient writers in general, and which the Arabian poets before us have in common with the rest. We are told, that, in its original sense, *satyra* denoted a *medley;* a composition being figuratively so called, in allusion to the dish of corn and various fruits offered to Ceres, and which the satyra resembled in its variety of its topics. In like manner, the ancient lyric poetry was thus desultory in its argument; in so much, that as it has been justly observed, 'So far as the examples remaining enable us to judge, the professed subject of an ode was often but a secondary consideration with the poet. It was the vehicle for introducing those thoughts that inspired his fancy, or delighted his taste.—The digression, therefore, in many instances, forms the principal part of an ode,' which is often concluded 'without returning to the original subject.'—With respect to Arabian poetry, the Scriptures afford endless examples of this violent transition and unlimited digression.

A very different, and, on most occasions, better taste pervades the compositions of the moderns, where it is expected that a principal subject shall be proposed, pursued, returned to after every digression, and concluded with, in some emphatical deduction, or pointed application. Nurtured as we are in this taste, its opposite forms one of those other occasions of indulgence contemplated above.

VIII. Another consists in a peculiarity which has already been dwelt upon, in our two preceding numbers; the imagery, metaphor, and simile to be found in these poems. We have prepared our readers to find these often new and violent. To what we have already said, it may be added, that there are few similes not of a nature to appear violent to those to whom they are new. By habit, we compare certain *qualities* in things, losing sight of their concomitants. With this allowance, there is nothing outrageously forced in describing *white and black* 'wild cattle' to be '*fair* as the virgins in *black* trailing robes, who dance round *the idol* Dewaar.' Again, when a poet, addressing his mistress, exclaims, 'O lovely heifer!' we are to reflect that it is the compliment of a herdsman; that he is accustomed to perceive beauties, in the individuals of his herd, to which our eyes are more or less blind; that he is accustomed to study in those herds the standard of beauty; and that, under these circumstances, the comparison is

in truth highly flattering to the lady.—We should add to this, that there are animals which we ourselves should not hesitate to name in such a connection, as the *dove* and *lamb;* and that we are not absolutely shocked at the simile of a *fawn* or bounding *roe*.

Other peculiarities consist in figurative expressions, for the illustration of which we must recur to the original from which the writer *paints*. Every human language is full of pictures; in other words, is highly figurative. Thus, the Arabian lover complains of her who *drops the veil;* that is, who slights him; and who, in our phraseology, equally figurative, we might say, *turns aside her face*.

IX. A topic, which cannot but be disagreeable to us, remains, in the fewest words possible, to be noticed and dismissed. Indebted, as polite literature is, on this as on so many other occasions, to the industry, learning and taste of sir William Jones, and resorting as we expressly are to the offspring of his talents for the translation of the Moallakat, it must be with an ill grace, and it certainly is with reluctance, that we point out the imperfections of that work. Relying on the fidelity of the interpretation, what we have to object to resolves it under two heads; a negligence and occasional inaccuracy in the English, and a freedom not warrantable, and in our opinion injurious to the beauty of the text: the latter we shall briefly illustrate. It was necessary, no doubt, to interpolate connecting words; and these words, as usual, are distinguished by the Italic character. In translating from an idiom so different, the collocation of sentences is often not to be effected without resorting to this practice; but, when sir William, going beyond this, thinks proper to add, not only connecting, but explanatory words, we protest against the propriety. The words, which, thus foisted into the text, sensibly deteriorate its beauty and weaken its energy, are often, and indeed commonly, the fit subjects of notes: thus, in the simile, *Fair as the virgins, in black trailing robes, who dance round* THE IDOL *Dewaar*, the words, *the idol*, are interpolated. Now, a poet, addressing himself to those to whom Dewaar was known to be *an idol*, would certainly never admit this expletive. It is confessedly given for the information of those to whom Dewaar is not known; but the place for such information is in the notes. A practice like this, adopted by the translators of the Bible, would have clogged and clouded many of those passages which recommend themselves by their freedom from incumbering words. What is given to brevity is often lost to perspicuity; that is, many facts are left out; but what remains is *the more* perspicuous; and this *brief*, though not detailed *perspicuity* produces the sublime. Thus, we may remember a striking sentence, 'God came from *Teman*, and the Holy One from *Paran*.' With this in our mind, let us read the following: 'Far distant is the cloud on which my eye is fixed; its right side seems to pour its rain on *Katan*, and its left on *Sitaar*.'—Now, is this sentence improved by the interpolations with which it will be found, where it belongs, in the poem of Amriolkais? 'Its right side seems to pour its rain on *the hills of* Katan, and its left on *the mountains of* Sitaar.' It is true, that we are left uninformed of any similar particulars, concerning *Teman* and *Paran;* but, what useful information, or what poetic pleasure do we gain, when told, that *Katan* is a pile of hills, and *Sitaar* a chain of mountains?

Nor is it only the style that may suffer from these freedoms; the sense is also put at risk. The poem of Antara opens thus: 'Have the bards who preceded me left any theme unsung?—Love only must be my lay;' but sir William interpolates an explanatory sentence: 'Have the bards who preceded me left any theme unsung? *What therefore must be my subject?* Love only must be my lay.' By this interpolation, he gives that sense to the passage which he thought belonged to it. In his commentary he observes, 'Yet so harsh an argument is tempered by a strain in some parts elegiac and amatory; for even this vengeful and impetuous warrior found himself obliged to comply with the custom of the Arabian poets,

who had left, as he complains, *little new imagery for their successors*. This may be the sense; but to us it appears that it is not; and the translation ought not to have forced upon us his own. Sir William is at least negligent, when in the text he makes the poet ask, what *theme* is left unsung, and in the commentary, represents him as complaining that little new *imagery* is left. But, what is the logic put into the mouth of Antara? 'Have the bards who preceded me left *any* theme unsung? *What* THEREFORE *must be my subject?* LOVE *only* must be my lay.' As if, *every* theme excluded, love remained! For our part, we understand a mere anticipation of censure, on his recurrence to a *theme* so often sung; and, thus viewed, to us at least, the logic seems correct: *I will sing of love. Is it said, that* LOVE *has been often sung? Have the bards who preceded me left* ANY *theme unsung?*—The inference is clear: *If I am not to sing a theme that others have sung, I must not sing at all; for, what theme has been left unsung?*

To finish our censures, we shall hastily add, that the use of such words as *bard* for an Arabian poet, and *mansion* for a tent, (which *specific* terms appear to us applied to *wrong* species, and where general terms, as *poet* and *dwelling*, would have been proper) occasionally offend us in this translation; and, that in some instances, wrong epithets are chosen:—epithets, like plants, are of families; and the family may be right, but the individual wrong. At times, a false taste for aggrandizement prevails.—In the poem of Zohair, we read of 'the black stones on which her *caldrons* used to be raised.' We hardly know, whether it be to dignify his mistress, to change her *kettles* into *caldrons;* but we are well assured, that in point of fact, *kettles* they were; humble *kettles*; nothing better than those which other wanderers than Arabs *raise* under a hedge!

X. Finally, we commend to our readers the Moallakat, translated with a degree of excellence which incomparably out-weighs the defects we have thought it our duty to stigmatize, and containing poems, which while they gratify us with endless description and imagery, and with sentiments natural, delicate, cheerful and noble, convey to us a body of information on the manners of the people by and among whom they were composed.

For the Port Folio.

MISCELLANY.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

What I have collected below, with a view to my own information, I have resolved on communicating to you, for that of some of your readers.

In a pamphlet, entitled, [A] *Message from the President of the United States, communicating discoveries made in exploring the Missouri, Red River, and Washita, &c.* I find a description, by Dr. Sibley, bearing a nearer resemblance to that of the roving nations of the old continent, than any that I have before met with, among the travellers over the northern division of the new.

The 'Hietans, or Comanches, who are likewise called by both names, have no fixed place of residence; have neither towns nor villages; divided into many different hordes or tribes, that have scarcely any knowledge of one another. No estimate of their numbers can well be made. They never remain in the same place more than a few days, but follow the buffalo, the flesh of which is their principal food. Some of them occasionally purchase of the Panis, corn, beans, and pumpkins; but, they are so numerous, that any quantity of these articles the Panis may be able to supply them with, must make but a small proportion of their food.—They have tents made of neatly dressed skins, fashioned in the form of a cone, sufficiently roomy for a family of ten or twelve persons; those of the chiefs will contain, occasionally, fifty or sixty persons. When they stop, their tents are placed in very exact order, so as to form regular streets and squares, which, in a few minutes has [have] the appearance of a town, raised, as it were, by enchantment; and they are equally dexterous in striking their tents, and preparing for a march, when the sig-

nal is given ; to every tent two horses or mules are allotted, one to carry the tent, and another the poles or sticks, which are neatly made of red cedar : they all travel on horseback. Their horses they never turn loose to graze, but always keep them tied with a long cabras or halter ; and every two or three days they are obliged to move, on account of all the grass near them being eaten up, they have such numbers of horses. They are good horsemen, and have good horses, most of which have been bred by themselves, and being accustomed from when very young to be handled, they are remarkably docile and gentle. They sometimes catch wild horses, which are every where amongst them, in immense droves.---- They hunt down the buffalo on horseback, and kill them [it] either with the bow or a sharp stick, like a spear, which they carry in their hands. They are generally at war with the Spaniards, often committing depredations upon the inhabitants of Santa Fé and St. Antoine ; but have always been friendly or civil to any French or Americans who have been among them. They are strong and athletic, and the elderly men are as fat as though they had lived upon English beef and porter.

' It is said the man who kills a buffalo catches the blood, and drinks it while warm ; they likewise eat the liver raw, before it is cold, and use the gall by way of sauce. They are, for savages, uncommonly clean in their persons ; the dress of the women is a long loose robe, that reaches from their chin to the ground, tied round with a fancy sash or girdle, all made of neatly dressed leather, on which they paint figures of different colours and significations ; the dress of the men is close leather pantaloons and a hunting shirt, or frock, of the same. They never remain long enough in the same place to plant any thing. The small Cayenne pepper grows spontaneously in the country, with which, and some [other] wild herbs and fruits, particularly a bean that grows in great plenty, on a small tree resembling a willow, called *Masketo*, the women cook their buffalo-beef, in a manner that would be grateful to an English 'squire. They alternately occupy the immense space of country from the Trinity and Braces, crossing the Red river, to the heads of the Arkansa and Missouri, to the river Grande, and beyond it, about Santa Fé, and over the dividing ridge, on the waters of the Western Ocean, where they say they have seen large pirogues, with masts to them ; in describing which they make a drawing of a ship, with all its sails and rigging ; and they describe a place where they have seen vessels ascending a river, over which was a drawbridge, that opened to give them a passage. Their native language of sounds differs from the language of any other nation, and none can either speak or understand it ; but they have a language by signs that all Indians understand, and by which they converse much among themselves.---- They have a number of Spanish men and women among them, who are slaves, and who [whom] they made prisoners when young.

' A gentleman now living at Natchitoches, who some years ago carried on a trade with the Hietans, a few days ago related to me the following story :

' About twenty years ago, a party of these Indians passed over the river Grande to Chewawa, the residence of the governor of what is called the five internal provinces ; lay in ambush for an opportunity, and made prisoner the governor's daughter, a young lady, going in her coach to mass, and brought her off. The governor sent a message to him (my informant), with a thousand dollars, for the purpose of recovering his daughter : he immediately dispatched a confidential trader, then in his employ, with the amount of the thousand dollars, in merchandise, who repaired to the nation, found her, and purchased her ransom ; but, to his great surprise, she refused to return with him to her father, and sent by him the following message : That the Indians had disfigured her face, by tatooing it, according to their fancy and ideas of beauty, and a young man of them had taken her for his wife, by whom she believed herself pregnant ; that she had become reconciled to their mode of life,

and was well treated by her husband; and that she should be more unhappy by returning to her father, under these circumstances, than by remaining where she was. Which message was conveyed to her father, who rewarded the trader by a present of three hundred dollars more, for his trouble and fidelity; and his daughter is now living with her Indian husband, in the nation, by whom she has three children.'

I think it right, for the lady's sake, to suggest, that the writer of this anecdote, in spite of what is said, can scarcely be supposed to mean that she has had her children *by the nation*, rather than by her *Indian husband*. Literary sins, indeed, are so numerous in this publication, that it will never do to dwell on them; but the present, and some others, are of the *crying* kind.

I shall proceed to extract a few other passages that have more peculiarly fixed my attention. They occur in the *Observations* of Messrs. Dunbar and Hunter, made on a voyage commencing at St. Catharine's Landing, on the east bank of the Missisippi, proceeding downward to the mouth of the Red river, &c. and which, besides the geological and other particulars they contain, have the merit of being written in plainer English than is usual.—The following are interesting remarks: 'Those *prairies* are plains, or savannas, without timber; generally very fertile, and producing an exuberance of strong, thick and coarse herbage.—When a piece of ground has once got into this state, in an Indian country, it can have no opportunity of reproducing timber, it being an invariable practice to set fire to the dry grass, in the fall or winter, to obtain the advantage of attracting game when the young tender grass begins to spring: this destroys the young timber, and the *prairie* annually gains upon the woodland. It is probable that the immense plains, known to exist in America, owe their origin to this custom.'—p. 89. 'Mr. Dunbar observes, that the change of colour in the leaves of vegetables, which is probably occasioned by the oxygen of the atmosphere acting on the vegetable matter, deprived of the power of the vital principle, may serve as an excellent guide to the naturalist who directs his attention to the discovery of new objects for the use of the dyer. For he has always remarked that the leaves of those trees whose bark or wood are known to produce a dye, are changed, in autumn, to the same colour which is extracted in the dyer's vat from the woods; more especially by the use of mordants, as alum, &c. which yields [yield] oxygen: thus, the foliage of the hickory and oak, which produces the quercitron bark, is changed before its fall into a beautiful yellow; other oaks assume a fawn colour, a liver colour, or a blood colour, and are known to yield dyes of the same complexion.'—p. 92. 'The bear is now also in his best state, with regard the quality of his fur, and the quantity of fat or oil he yields, as he has been feasting luxuriantly on the autumnal fruits of the forest. It is here well known, that he does not confine himself, as some writers have supposed, to vegetable food: he is particularly fond of hog's flesh; sheep and calves are frequently his prey; and no animal escapes him which comes within his power, and which he is able to conquer. He often destroys the fawn, when chance throws it in his way; he cannot however discover it by smelling, notwithstanding the excellence of his scent, for Nature has for its protection, denied the fawn the property of leaving any effluvium upon its track, a property so powerful in the old deer.'—'It may not be generally known to naturalists, that between the hoof of the deer, &c. there is found a sack, with its mouth inclining upwards, containing more or less of musk, and which, by escaping over the opening, in proportion to the secretion, causes the foot to leave a scent on the ground, wherever it passes. During the rutting season, this musk is so abundant, particularly in old males, as to be smelt by the hunters at a considerable distance.'—'The bear, unlike most other beast of prey, does not kill the animal he has seized upon before he eats it; but regardless of its struggles, cries, and lamentations, fastens upon, and if the expression be allowable, devours it alive.'—p. 95.

On a mountain, to the west of the hot springs, the travellers found what appears to be a new plant: 'Notwithstanding the severity of the weather, a considerable number, and some variety, of plants were in flower, and others retained their verdure: indeed, the ridge was more temperate than the valley below; there it was cold, damp and penetrating; here, dry, and the atmosphere mild. Of the plants growing here, was a species of cabbage: the plants grow with expanded leaves, spreading on the ground, of a deep green, with a shade of purple: the taste of the cabbage was plainly predominant, with an agreeable warmth, inclining to that of the radish; several tap-roots penetrated into the soil, of a white colour, having the taste of horse-radish, but much milder. A quantity of them, taken to the camp and dressed, proved palatable and mild. It is not probable that cabbage-seed has been scattered on this ridge; the hunters ascending this river have always had different objects. Until further elucidation, this cabbage must be considered as indigenous to this sequestered quarter, and may be denominated the Cabbage-radish of the Washita.' p. 108.—We have already the Turnip-cabbage; and the present discovery furnishes a new instance of that combination in one body of the useful properties of two or more, so frequent in nature. From this vegetable, which promises to afford a valuable article of food, we may turn, with the travellers, to one of uncommon beauty, the Bois-d'arc, Bow-wood, or Yellow-wood, of which Mr. Dunbar obtained one or two slips, from the Missouri: 'The tree, in its natural soil, when laden with its golden fruit, nearly as large as the egg of an ostrich, presents the most splendid appearance. Its foliage is of a deep green, resembling the varnished leaf of the orange-tree; and, upon the whole, no forest-tree can compare with it in ornamental grandeur. The bark of the young tree resembles, in texture, the dog-wood bark; the appearance of the wood recommends it for trial as an article which may yield a yellow dye. It is deciduous; the branches are numerous, and full of short thorns or prickles, which seem to point it out as proper for hedges or live fences. This tree is known to exist near the Nakitosh (perhaps in latitude 32 degrees) and up the river Akansa, high up (perhaps in lat. 36 degrees); it is therefore probable that it may thrive from latitude 38 to 40 degrees, and will be a great acquisition to the United States, if it possess no other merit than that of being ornamental.' p. 121.—Of the Myrtle Wax-tree, another vegetable described in these observations, a singular fact is recorded, that of its thriving in hot water: 'The myrtle wax-tree grows in the vicinity of the springs. At the season in which the voyagers were there, the wax was no longer green, but had changed its colour to a greyish white, from its long exposure to the weather. The berry, when examined by a microscope, is less than the smallest garden-pea, approaching to an oval in form. The nucleus, or real seed, is the size of the seed of a radish, and is covered with a number of kidney-shaped glands, of a brown colour and sweet taste; these glands secrete the wax which completely envelopes them, and, at this season, gives to the whole the appearance of an imperfectly white berry. This is a valuble plant, and merits attention: its favourite position is a dry soil, rather poor, and looking down upon the water. It is well adapted to ornament the margins of canals, lakes, or rivulets.'—p. 109. 'Visitants to the hot springs having observed shrubs and trees with their roots in the hot water, have been induced to try experiments, by sticking branches of trees in the run of hot water. Some branches of the wax-myrtle were found thrust into the bottom of a spring-run, the water of which was 130 degrees by Fahrenheit's thermometer; the foliage and fruit of the branch were not only sound and healthy, but at the surface of the water roots were actually sprouting from it; on pulling it up, the part which had penetrated the hot sand was found decayed.'—p. 112. But, animal, as well as vegetable life, is found in this situation; so multiform are the

works of nature! so universal the organic system!—

Life buds, or breathes, from Indus to the poles,
And the vast surface kindles as it rolls.

'The green surface at the bottom of the hot springs, and which at first sight has the appearance of plush, on examination by the microscope, was found to be a vegetable production. A film of green matter spreads itself on the calcareous base, from which rise fibres more than half an inch in length, forming a beautiful vegetation. Before the microscope it sparkled with innumerable nodules of lime, some parts of which were beautifully crystallized. This circumstance might cause a doubt of its being a true vegetable; but its great resemblance to some of the mosses, particularly the *byssi*, and the discovery which Mr. Dunbar made of its being the residence of animal life confirmed his belief in its being a true moss. After a diligent search, he discovered a very minute shell-fish, of the bivalve kind, inhabiting this moss; its shape nearly that of the fresh-water muscle; the colour of the shell a greyish brown, with spots of a purplish colour. When the animal is undisturbed, it opens the shell, and thrusts out four legs, very transparent, and articulated like those of a quadruped; the extremities of the fore legs are very slender and sharp, but those of the hind legs rather broader, apparently armed with minute toes: from the extremity of each shell issues three or four forked hairs, which the animal seems to possess the power of moving: the fore-legs are probably formed for making incisions into the moss, for the purpose of procuring access to the juices of the living plant, upon which, no doubt, it feeds. It may be provided with a proboscis, although it did not appear while the animal was under examination. The hind legs are well adapted for propelling it in its progress over the moss, or through the water.' P. 113.

The existence of an animal whose life is passed within an atmosphere of hot water is exceedingly curious; but, on a little reflection, we must perceive, that there is nothing to stagger our belief in the proposition that animals may subsist equally in hot and cold water as in hot and cold air. What is peculiar, is the high degree of heat. This animal was found at the bottom of the springs, where the heat must be the greatest; and the several temperatures of the springs are stated to be 132, 136, 150 and 154 degrees of Fahrenheit. The extraordinary property of withstanding the action of caloric, thus evinced in this animal, sets at an immeasureable distance all that may have been done through certain media, as described in the essay on the incombustible Spaniard, lately inserted in the Port Folio; but one of the most interesting inquiries which this discovery suggests, is into the relations of the *hot-water muscle* with the animal world at large. Does it subsist solely on vegetable food? or are there still inferior orders of animals, inhabitants of the same scalding abode, and which are its prey? Or, if it subsist solely on the juices of the moss on which it is found, of what other animal is it the food? If of the vermes, mentioned in another place, what is the animal that devours the vermes? With respect to the mere action of the heated water on the substance of the animal, it is worthy of remark, that in the instance of the muscle, the grey and even purple colour of the shell remains, while, in all similar cases, the colouring matter is removed, in the process of oxydation. This, indeed, is a phenomenon to be expected; for the animal could not sustain the heat, were there not in its composition the means of resisting the action of the matter of heat, and of which resistance its colours are the visible sign.

METOICOS.

For the Port Folio.

[The Edinburgh reviews, whose taste and judgment are seldom to be impeached, have pronounced the following monody by Coleridge, upon Chatterton, to be of a very superior character. The author of this pathetic poem, however erroneous in his political creed, is a man of genius and a poet. The description of Chatterton's first literary adventure, the budding and

blasting of the Tree of Hope, and the imagery of Maternal Affection, Indignation and Despair beside the forlorn pallet of the neglected Minstrel, are all excellent; the last, in particular, reminds us of the style of the gloomy Dante. The conclusion of this poem, in which the author, in a spirit of poetry, though of the most profound ignorance of his subject, begins to rant about Freedom's *undivided* dale in this distracted country, and imagines himself on the banks of the Susquehannah and *all that*, alludes to a wild scheme that he and Southey and one or two more hair-brained young men had formed for migrating to the woods of Pennsylvania, where they proposed *to fleet the time carelessly as they did in the golden age*. This project, equally romantic and ridiculous, was abandoned probably in consequence of the sinister luck of their friend Priestley. Since his ill-omen'd adventure, we have heard no more of this *pastoral* visit to *Arcadian* America.]

When, faint and sad, o'er sorrow's desart wild,
Slow journeys onward poor Misfortune's child;
When fades each lovely form by Fancy drest,
And inly pines the self-consuming breast;
(No scourge of scorpions in thy right arm dread,
No helmed terrors nodding o'er thy head,)
Assume, O DEATH! the cherub wings of PEACE,
And bid the heart-sick wanderer's anguish cease!

Thee, CHATTERTON! yon unblest stones protect
From want, and the bleak freezings of neglect!
Escap'd the sore wounds of Affliction's rod,
Meek at the throne of Mercy and of God,
Perchance, thou raisest high the enraptur'd hymn
Amid the blaze of seraphim!

Yet oft ('tis Nature's call)
I weep that heav'n-born genius *so* should fall;
And oft, in Fancy's saddest hour, my soul
Averted shudders at the poison'd bowl;
Now groans my sick'ning heart, as still I view
Thy corpse of livid hue;
And now a flash of indignation high
Darts through the tear that glistens in mine eye!

Is this the land of song-enobled line?
Is this the land where Genius ne'er in vain
Pour'd forth his lofty strain?
Ah me! yet SPENSER, gentlest bard divine,
Beneath chill disappointment's shade,
His weary limbs in lonely anguish laid:
And o'er her darling dead,
Pity hopeless hung her head;
While ''mid the pelting of that merciless storm,'
Sunk to the cold earth OTWAY's famish'd form!

Sublime of thought, and confident of fame,
From vales where Avon winds, the MINSTREL came.
Light hearted youth! he hastes along,
And meditates the future song,
How dauntless Ælla fray'd the Dacyan foes;
See, as floating high in air
Glitter the sunny visions fair,
His eyes dance rapture and his bosom glows!
Yes! clad in Nature's rich array,
And bright in all her tender hues,
Sweet tree of hope! thou loveliest child of spring,
Most fair didst thou disclose thine early bloom,
Loading the west winds with its soft perfume!
And Fancy, elfin form of gorgeous wing,
On every blossom hung her fostering dews,
That, changeful, wanton'd to the orient day!
But soon, upon thy poor unshelter'd head,
Did Penury her sickly mildew shed;
And soon the scalding light'ning bade thee stand,
In frowning horror o'er the blighted land.

Ah! where are fled the charms of vernal grace,
And Joy's wild gleams light-flashing o'er thy face?
YOUTH, of tumultuous soul and haggard eye,
Thy wasted form, thy hurried steps I view!
On thy cold forehead starts the anguish'd dew,
And dreadful was that bosom-rending sigh!
Such were the struggles of the gloomy hour,
When CARE, of wither'd brow,
Prepar'd the poison's power.
Already to thy lips was rais'd the bowl,
When near thee stood AFFECTION meek,
(Her bosom bare and wildly pale her cheek)
Thy sullen gaze she bade thee roll
On scenes that well might melt thy soul;
Thy native cot she flash'd upon thy view,
Thy native cot, where still, at close of day,
PEACE smiling sat, and listen'd to thy lay;
Thy sister's shrieks she bade thee hear,
And mark thy mother's tear;
See, see her breast's convulsive throe,
Her silent agony of woe.
Ah! dash the poison'd chalice from thy hand!

And thou hadst dash'd it, at her soft command,
But that DESPAIR and INDIGNATION rose,
And told again the story of thy woes;
Told the keen insult of the unfeeling heart,
The dread dependance on the low-born mind;
Told every pang with which thy soul must smart,
Neglect, and grinning scorn and want combin'd!
Recoiling quick, thou badst the friend of pain
Roll the black tide of death thro' every freezing vein.

Ye woods, that wave o'er Avon's rocky steep,
To Fancy's ear sweet is your murmuring deep!
For *here* she loves the cypress wreath to weave,
Watching, with wistful eye, the saddening tints of eve;
Here, far from men, amid this pathless grove,
In solemn thought the MINSTREL wont to rove,
Like star-beam on the slow sequester'd tide,
Lone-glittering thro' the high tree branching wide.

And here, in INSPIRATION'S eager hour,
When most the big soul feels the madd'ning pow'r,
These wilds, these caverns roaming o'er,
Round which the screaming sea-gulls roar,
With wild unequall'd steps he pass'd along,
Oft pouring on the winds a broken song:
Anon, upon some rough rock's fearful brow
Would pause abrupt—and gaze upon the waves below.
Poor CHATTERTON! *he* sorrows for thy fate
Who would have prais'd and lov'd thee, ere too late.
Poor CHATTERTON! farewel! of darkest hues,
This chaplet cast I on thy unshap'd tomb;
But dare no longer on the sad theme muse,
Lest kindred woes persuade a kindred doom;
For oh! big gall-drops, shook from Folly's wing,
Have blackened the fair promise of my spring:
And the stern Fates transpierc'd, with viewless dart,
The last pale hope, that shiver'd at my heart!

Hence, gloomy thoughts! no more my soul shall dwell
On joys that were! no more endure to weigh
The shame and anguish of the evil day,
Wisely forgetful! o'er the ocean-swell
Sublime of hope, I seek the cottag'd dell,
Where Virtue calm with careless step may stray,
And, dancing to the moonlight roundelay,
The wizard passions weave an holy spell!
O CHATTERTON! that thou wert yet alive!
Sure thou wouldst spread the canvas to the gale,
And love, with us, the tinkling team to drive
O'er peaceful Freedom's UNDIVIDED dale;
And we, at sober eve, would round thee throng
Hanging, enraptur'd, on thy stately song!
And greet with smiles the young-eyed Poesy
All deftly mask'd, as hoar antiquity.
Alas, vain phantasies! the fleeting brood
Of wo self-solac'd in her dreamy mood!
Yet will I love to follow the sweet dream
Where *Susquehannah* pours his untam'd stream;
And on some hill, whose forest-frowning side
Waves o'er the murmurs of his calmer tide,
Will raise a solemn cenotaph to thee,
Sweet harper of time-shrouded minstrelsy!
And there, sooth'd sadly by the dirgeful wind,
Muse on the sore ills I had left behind.

VARIETY.

Variety is charming,
Constancy is not for me;
So, ladies, you have warning.

OLD BALLAD.

The following song is a tolerable description of the mingled pains and pleasures of a military life:

Little thinks the townsman's wife,
While at home she tarries,
What must be the lass's life
Who a soldier marries!
Now with weary marching spent,
Dancing now before the tent,
Lira, lira, lira, la,
With her jolly soldier.

In the camp at night she lies,
Wind and weather scorning,
Only griev'd her love must rise,
And quit her in the morning;
But, the doubtful skirmish done,
Blithe she sings at set of sun,
Lira, lira, lira, la,
With her jolly soldier.

Should the captain of her dear
Use his vain endeavour,
(Whispering nonsense in her ear)
Two fond hearts to sever,
At his passion she will scoff,
Laughing, thus she'll put him off
Lira, lira, lira, la,
For her jolly soldier.

Anacreontic by captain Morris; for which he received the prize of the gold cup from the Harmonic Society.

Come, thou soul reviving cup,
And try thy healing art;
Light the Fancy's visions up—
And warm my wasted heart!
Touch with glowing tints of bliss
Memory's fading dream;
Give me, while thy lip I kiss,
The heaven that 's in my dream.

In thy fount the Lyric Muse
Ever dipp'd her wing;
Anacreon fed upon thy dews,
And Horace drain'd thy spring!
I, too, humblest of the train,
There my spirit find,
Freshen there my languid brain,
And store my vacant mind.

When, blest cup, thy fires divine
Pierce through Time's dark reign,
All the joys, that once were mine,
I snatch from Death again;
And, tho' oft fond Anguish lies
O'er my melting mind,
Hope still starts to Sorrow's eyes
And drinks the tear behind.

Ne'er, sweet Cup, was votary blest
More through life than me;
And that life, with grateful breast,
Thou seest I give to thee!
'Midst thy rose-wreath'd nymphs I pass
Mirth's sweet hours away;
Pleas'd, while Time *runs through the glass*
To Fancy's brighter day!

Then, magic Cup, again for me
Thy power creative try;
Again let hope-fed Fancy see
A heaven in Beauty's eye;
O lift my lighten'd heart away
On Pleasure's downy wing,
And let me taste that bliss to day
To-morrow may not bring.

A SONG,

ON HEARING SEVERAL NIGHTINGALES.

Reveillés, comme moi, parlez des soins d'amour,
Jour et nuit, rossignols, vous chantez votre flamme,
Et je chante à mon tour
Les transports de mon ame.
Nous sommes tous également charmés,
Mais nous ne parlons pas de même:
Vous vous louez de ce que vous aimez,
Et je me plains de ce que j'aime.

IMITATED.

Wakeful, like me, you fill the grove,
Sweet birds, with ceaseless notes of love,
Like you, I ceaseless would impart
In song the transports of my heart;
Like you an equal fondness show
And show, alas! in vain;
Your notes with grateful praises glow;
I sing but to complain.

The following pathetic glee, by M. G. Lewis, Esq. is a pleasing proof of his powers as a song writer:

Sailor boy! sailor boy! sleep, my sweet fellow,
O'er your rock'd vessel though thunderbolts roll;
Wild though the ocean raves, loud though winds bellow,
Calm be your bosom, for pure is your soul.
Lullaby, lullaby, poor sailor boy,
Let not the tempest your slumbers destroy,
No terrors of conscience your bosom annoy,
Then lullaby, lullaby, poor sailor boy.

Sailor boy, sailor boy, danger not bringing
Home to your thoughts crimes committed before,
Tost on rough seas, in a narrow cot swinging,
Safer you sleep than a villain on shore.
Lullaby, lullaby, &c.

The ensuing lines will please the sentimental Misses, who, like Beatrice, sit in a corner and cry, Heigho for a husband!

I love, but I dare not say who,
Yet treasure his name in my heart;
Fond heart, which in infancy knew
Each tender access and its smart:
And mutual, dear youth, is the flame,
A flame which no ill can annoy,
For Hymen shall sanction the same,
And Love sound the trumpet of Joy.

I grieve when my love is away,
Though seldom he leaves me behind,
Yet still I have something to say,
And charge him with being unkind;
But why, silly girl, do I chide?
O tell me, dear Cupid, sweet boy,
When Hymen soon makes me a bride
And Love sounds the trumpet of Joy.

A little boy seeing a gentleman walking the street, placed himself in a convenient place to speak with him: when the gentleman came up, the boy pulled off his hat, held it out to the gentleman, and begged for a few cents; "Money!" exclaimed the gentleman, "you had much better beg for manners than money." "I asked," said the boy, "for what I thought you had the most of."

Several of the *British* dames are very fond of the *Trafalgar garter*, on which is inscribed the memorable signal—"*England expects that every man will do his duty.*"

The following ode, in the original, has long been the theme of admiration among critics of the purest taste, for the suavity of its numbers, the ease of its expression, and the pathos of its sentiments. The ensuing translation the poet of Verona might himself approve:

CATULLUS, ODE XXIX.

Sweetest isle of lake or main,
Sirmio, with what joy, again
I revisit thy dear shore;
All my wandering labours o'er.
Scarce my senses I believe,
When they tell me, nor deceive,
That not through Asia's fields I roam,
But safely view my native home.

O what more blissful than to find
Repose from care, and ease of mind—
With foreign toil long wearied grown,—
On that dear spot on which alone
Our hearts are fix'd, and pleasure past
Revive, and fill our bliss at last;
That genial spot, that sacred ground,
Where youth its earliest habits found:
How sweet, within my native shed,
To press the dear deserted bed!
Such joy as this by pain procur'd,
Repays the labours I've endur'd.

Delightful Sirmio, hail! rejoice
To hear thy master's well-known voice;
Hail his late, but glad return:
And ye, hard by, who pour yon urn,
Ye waters of the Larian lake,
In your old neighbour's joy partake;
And all ye shores that home attend,
Exult and laugh to meet your friend.

The following verses were composed on the return of Sir Francis Drake, after his voyage round the world. They are preserved in Camden's Life of Queen Elizabeth:

Drace, perrerati quem novit terminus orbis,
Quemque simul mundi vidit uterque polus.
Si taceant homines, facient te sidera notum,
Sol nescit comitis non memor esse sui.

IMITATED.

Where'er old Ocean's boundless waters roll
Has borne, great Drake, thy bark from pole to pole,
Should envious mortals o'er thy labours sleep,
The stars, which led thee thro' the vent'rous deep,
Shall tell thy praises; and thy well-earn'd fame
The Sun, thy fellow traveller, proclaim.

The English are a nation of *Nimrods*, and the love of hunting has connected the tones of the jovial horn with some of the sweetest notes of the muse. The hunting songs of England are remarkable for vivacity of description and melody of numbers. Among those sung by Incledon, which are most continually encored, is the following, which, in a very spirited manner, describes a morning landscape, a sportsman's preparation, and the death of the deer:

Bright Chanticleer proclaims the dawn,
And spangles deck the thorn,
The lowing herds now quit the lawn,
The lark springs from the corn;
Dogs, huntsmen round the window throng,
Fleet Towler leads the cry:
Arise the burthen of my song,
This day, a stag must die!

With a hey, ho, chivy,
Hark forward, hark forward, tantivy!
Arise the burthen of my song,
This day, a stag must die!

The cordial takes its merry round;
The laugh and joke prevail;
The huntsman winds a jovial sound;
The dogs snuff up the gale;
The upland wilds they sweep along,
O'er fields, through brakes they fly,
The game is rous'd, too true the song,
This day, a stag must die!
With a hey, ho, &c.

Poor stag, the dogs thy haunches gore,
The tears run down thy face!
The huntsman's pleasure is no more;
His joys were in the chace!
Alike the sportsmen of the town,
The virgin-game in view,
Are full content to run them down,
Then they in turn pursue!
With a hey, ho, &c.

For the Port Folio.

LITERARY NOTICE.

"BURKE'S COMPENDIUM OF FARRIERY."

It is somewhat extraordinary, that though for ages, *comparative anatomy* was carefully studied, physicians bestowed no portion of their attention to the investigation of the diseases of the *inferior animals*. But of late, as if to compensate for the preceding neglect, *veterinary* medicine, at *least*, has been cultivated with uncommon industry. Schools, in many of the large cities of Europe, are established, where the

science is regularly taught by professors, every way qualified for the undertaking. In the lectures of these, the structure of the horse is accurately demonstrated, the functions of the different organs explained, and his peculiar diseases, with the best mode of treatment, described.

Farriery has, in consequence, been suddenly raised from a crude indigest of ignorance to a department of physic, and the practice of it taken out of the hands of the empiric, and placed where it can be skilfully exercised.

We however, as yet, have derived no advantage from the recent improvement of veterinary medicine abroad. Farriery is still with us the *trade* of the mere *pretender*. Perhaps it may be owing principally to the want of a popular Vade Mecum. Taplin's treatise, once of such a character, is now wholly obsolete. The modern writings of Godwin, Coleman, and Clarke, have certainly great merit, but they are too voluminous and technically written to be generally circulated. We, therefore, who are anxious to promote so useful a branch of knowledge, were exceedingly gratified to find that Mr. Humphreys, an enterprising bookseller, has announced for republication, "Burke's Compendium." This small tract, which has just appeared in London, we have had an opportunity of perusing. Who Mr. Burke is, we do not know, but his book contains abundant proof of his being thoroughly conversant with the subject he treats. He seems to have intended to present to the public a concise account of whatever is really important, either in the theory or practice of Farriery, and he has very successfully executed his design. The arrangement of the matter is perspicuous, and the style easy and familiar.

The work is divided into two sections:

I. Contains a view of the anatomy and physiology of the horse, or explanation of the various parts, with their uses.

II. Comprises a description of his diseases and injuries, with their symptoms and method of cure, to which are added, a brief examination of the structure of the foot, and observations on shoeing.

We cannot dismiss this article without strenuously recommending to every one who wishes to be made acquainted with the beautiful economy of the animal, or of acquiring a plan of treating his diseases, founded on correct principles, to purchase, and to diligently read, "Burke's Compendium."

MEDICUS.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The letter from DAVID DUBIOUS,* with a few exceptions, is written in the idiom of pure English. This narrative strikingly exemplifies the assertion of POPE, respecting the mutability of our humours and opinions. But let not our author take refuge from disappointment, in the dreariness of scepticism, nor surrender principle to the undisciplined rabble of Chance.

The artless verses from the humble Caledonian we have most cheerfully inserted, and we discern distinctly, through the occasional mistiness of an uncouth style, both the spirit of a Scotchman and the seminal principles of a poet. Let him proceed adventurously. Let him gaze intently on the glories of nature and the various tints of "many coloured life." Let him assiduously study his favourite Burns, and then express the emotions of genius in the language of Passion, Poetry and Nature.

---

* This author is partial to the *American* verb *progressed*. He means *advanced*, which is the only *legitimate* word to express the idea. The authority of General Hamilton has been quoted, in support of this barbarism. But it should be remembered that our speech and writings are frequently tainted by the bad company we are obliged to keep, and that HAMILTON was too often surrounded by vulgar provincials, and dull whigs, whose style, of course, was a continued warfare with the English idiom. The splendid name of Hamilton cannot save this vile word from putrefaction and oblivion. It will first be damned and then forgotten, like many other fooleries in the American farce.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Port Folio.

We forward to Mr. Dennie an extract from the Anthology, where it appears to have been printed *incorrectly*. As the author wishes to give it both consequence and correctness, it is submitted to the Editor of the Port Folio, where, if it merits the honour, it will gain admission.

FROM THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

EPISTLE TO THEOPHILUS PARSONS, UPON HIS ACCEPTING THE APPOINTMENT OF CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME JUDICIAL COURT OF MASSACHUSETTS.

And does that mind, which every mind excels,
Quit the proud path, where Fame triumphant dwells,
While at her side prolific Fortune stands,
And showers her bounty with unsparing hands,
Bids but thy genius ask, and all obey—
Why fling the doubly proffer'd boon away?
For the dull *bench* the inspiring *robe* disclaim?
False to thyself, to Fortune, and to Fame!
THOU, like an eastern monarch, reign'dst alone,
Nor could the aspiring *brother* reach thy throne;
Or, like a giant, tow'ring o'er thy kind,
More strong than monarchs, in the sway of mind;
But *now*, uncheer'd by Fortune's vertic rays,
Tedious and tame will lower thy shadowy days,
Condemn'd to heed the ever-during plea,
Which endless folly, blund'ring, pours on thee;
Or, stifling all thy suffering heart's desire,
With fault'ring accent bid the wretch expire;
Even him, whose wrongs awoke the feeling sigh,
Him may *unseeing* Justice doom to die.—
Such is thy fate—with pain'd and patient ear,
The hard monotony of words to hear;
Misguided Error, wand'ring far from sense,
Pride's pompous phrase, and Passion's rude pretence,
Await thee now, from morn's unwelcome ray
To the slow shadows of retreating day.
What though some soaring genius, true to thine,
In mental radiance bid the *forum* shine,
Deep, fervid, full, with sacred science fraught,
And all the grac'd pre-eminence of thought,
Forceful as reason in her high career,
Yet falls like music on the astonish'd ear,
When, as a charm, the fluent strain is found
To bid enamour'd silence hover round,
Calling from thee that smile, which seems to speak,
Gives the delighted flush to pass thy cheek:
More dark will seem the void his pause supplies,
More bleak the wild, that mocks thy searching eyes.
Small is the meed the uncherish'd muse can give,
'Tis thine to honour, and thy praise will live,
Still thou must shine, and with unequall'd rays,
Th' undying MANSFIELD of departed days;
On thee will Genius rest her votive eyes,
Led by thy light another PARSONS rise.
GUIDE OF THE LAWS! ne'er to thy country lost,
Thine is the wrong—but hers the boon and boast.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

SIR, the enclosed are at your disposal.

Yours, &c.

C——.

"AVEC LES JEUX DANS LE VILLAGE."

Avec les jeux dans le village,
Quand le printems fut de retour,
Je méprisais le tendre homage
De tous les bergers d'alentour;
Mais l'été me rend moins sauvage,
Et je me demande à mon tour,
Ce qui m'enflamme d'avantage
De la saison ou de l'amour?—
Quand Maturin de sur l'herbette,
Cueille la rose du matin,
Il va la presenter à Colette,
Et puis la met dedans son sein.
Moi, qui ne suis que la cadette
Je ne sais si c'est de l'amour,
Mais je voudrais, comme Colette,
Recevoir la rose à mon tour.

TRANSLATION.

When spring to all the village train
Renews the hours of festive glee,
The tend'rest sighs of ev'ry swain
Receive but cold neglect from me;
But, when the sun in Taurus beams,
I find the madd'ning rage remove,
And ask from whence these softer dreams,
Whether from summer, or from love.
When Colin, on the grass reclining,
Plucks the fragrant rose of morn,
On the breast of Chloe, smiling,
It is plac'd, without a thorn;
I, a younger sister only,
Know not if love within me burn;
But like beauteous Chloe fondly
Would receive a rose in turn.

EPIGRAMS.

As good Mr. Crape with my lord was at dinner,
For Crape may sometimes be observed with a sinner:
Adzooks, parson, said he, I've a thought, by my life,
I'll break off with my girl, if you'll take her to wife;
For tho' I have somewhat debauch'd my dear Nancy,
She'll turn when she marries a parson, I fancy.
She may turn, please your honour, the parson replied,
But I'll never turn to your girl as a bride,
For what with your lordship at night and at morning,
She's been so much us'd, that she'll not *be worth turning*.

Cosmelia's charms inspire my lays,
Who, fair in age's scorn,
Blooms in the winter of her days,
Like Glastonbury's thorn.

Cosmelia, cruel at fourscore,
Like bards in modern plays,
Four acts of life pass'd guiltless o'er,
And in the *fifth* she slays.

If e'er impatient of the bliss,
Into her arms you fall,
The plaster'd nymph returns the kiss
Like Thisbe through a wall.

To Sally's study shall we go?
For ladies now all read, you know,
Oh, what a splendid sight is there!
Enough to make a hermit stare.
There stand all rang'd, in proud array,
Each French romance and modern play,
Love's magazine of flames and darts,
Whole histories of eyes and hearts.
But oh! view well the outward scene,
You'll never need to look within,
What Sally loves she plainly shows,
For lo! her very *books* are *beaux*.

A long way off Lucinda strikes the men;
As she draws near,
And one sees clear,
A long way off one wishes her again.

He who in age betroths a youthful bride,
May as a fool with justice be decreed,
Who buys a splendid library through pride,
To lend his books for wiser heads to read.

ALWAYS YOUNG.

Let Age and envious Time do what they will,
Chloe remains the same soft creature still;
In her first coats as when she romp'd and smil'd,
A babe in years, at sixty still a child.

Town wenches, says Trueman, I've often been told,
Are venomous things, like the serpent of old;
Ah, says Rosewell, the serpent all o'er them prevails,
His deceit in their hearts and his sting in their tails.

THE RESIGNED HUSBAND.

Alas! what will he do, said a wife like to die,
When William's bereft of his Nan,
Consider not *him!* was the husband's reply,
Trust William, he'll do what he can!

ON A GUARDIAN MARRYING HIS RICH WARD.

Marius, by Calous left in trust,
Does but the thing that's strictly just:
To testify his great regard,
And better to secure his ward
From Irish bites and save her pelf,
He wisely marries her *himself*.

Susan, who no more will see,
All the town knows, fifty-three,
Still believes that in her eyes
Little Cupid basking lies,
Whence he oft descends to sip
Nectar from her balmy lip;
Can she question it? the lass
Views his godship in her glass.
Let no snarling wight inquire,
Is the mirror not a liar?
Be it false, or be it true,
Susan is in love with *Sue*.

To a Lady, with a print of Venus attired by the Graces.

That far superior is thy state
E'en Envy must agree;
On thee a *thousand graces* wait,
On Venus *only three*.

Money, they say, is evil's root,
But we most justly doubt it:
Can we expect good thriving fruit
From any stock without it?

The Price of the Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

Printed and published (for the Editor) by John Watts, N. E. Corner of Second in Dock Street, Philadelphia, where former Volumes may be had.